

[Transportation]

W15088

2 [Living Lore Series?] Typed Typed [1-12-39?]

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Transportation

Mr. Botsford has rigged up an [??] ingenious contrivance for his radio. It consists of a [??] long rod attached to the tuning dial by means of which [he?] can sit in his Morris chair and change stations as [?] [he?] pleases without rising, and for his greater [?c?] convenience he has added a magnifying glass [tx?] through which the dial numbers are easily [dis??] discernible.

“Know where I got that glass?["?] he asks. “That's my old bicycle lamp. You can find [a?] use for everything, sooner or later, if you hang on to [it?]. Who'd have thought I'd ever want that old lamp [axxg?] again? But you never can tell.

[?]“I had a lot of fun on that [old?] bicycle. Guess I told you about some of the trips I [took?] didn't I? When I got through with that bike I sat down [and?] figured up my mileage, and I found out that I'd been [clear?] around the world, if I'd gone in a straight line.

“Yessir, I'd been over [twenty-five?] thousand miles. Went over three hundred and sixty [five?] miles one week. Never did a century run, though [?] I [c??] could've, easy as not. Some fellers used to see [howx?] how many of them they could run up. A great trip [was?]

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up to Springfield and back. That's fifty miles [each?] way. You were supposed to make it same day, of course. [C B ?]

["?"] "I got out the shop one day [at?] four o'clock. At twenty-six minutes after, I was [down?] in Dexter's drug store in Taterbury, drinkin' a [sko?] sody. How's that for scorchin'?"

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"Lots of fellers used to try to [make?] Plymouth hill, [?] that used to be an awful steep [x?] hill before the new bridge went in. I remember [??] tryin' it once. They was an Uncle Tom show [comx??] comin' down, and all the bloodhounds they used to [have?] for chasin' Eliza across the ice was runnin' loose.

"Soon's they saw me comin' on [the?] [??] wheel, they made a beeline for me. I [got?] off in a hurry. Feller drivin' the wagon says 'Don't [?] worry, they won't hurt you.' Well, they didn't, but [how?] the hell was I to know? They spoiled my try [for?] [??] the hill, anyway. But two or three of them in [town?] used to make it.

"There was a feller used [to?] come down from Torrington was one of the best riders I ever see. He'd come down and ride around in circles [over?] [by?] the depot till the evenin' train come in. Then [he'd?] wave at the engineer and say, 'See you in [Torrington.?'?] And by God, he would, too.

"They used to make the [Exgl??] 'Eagle' up in Torrington. That had the big [?] wheel in back and a small one in front.

"Back in [?] ninety [?] three I was down in Washington, D C, time they had [the?] convention of the League of American Wheelmen. They was [??] three-four fellers stayin' in the same hotel [with?] me from Springfield, had those Eagle wheels.

"One mornin' they got an old [??] tomato can and got out in [?] the street in front of the hotel and batted that thing around with [their?] wheels just like 3 they were playin' polo.

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Boy, I [tell?] you they was good at it. They'd practiced it to [home?], you see. They had a crowd of people around watchin' 'em [before?] they got through.

"Some people here in town [had?] them Eagles; others had the ones with the big wheel in [??] front. I remember one lad, I'm not goin' to [tell?] you his [name?]. He used to get so drunk he couldn't [??] stand on his feet, but put him on a wheel and he'd [??] ride as straight as you please.

"Of course if he hit a [bm?] bump he was apt to go tail over spindle buggy and [when?] he fell off, he couldn't get up. Somebody had to help [?] him on the wheel again, then he was all right.

"I see some of them take [??] some nasty falls. Roads was pretty bad in them days, [and?] it paid to use brakes comin' down a hill. [??] Bidwell's hill was one of the worst. It was sandy [as?] hell at the bottom, and when you hit that sand you [??] was apt to go right over the handle [??] bars.

"I come down there with a [fx?] feller from Naugatuck one time, a new rider. I [told him?] he better use his brake, but he said no, he didn't [??] want to. He hit the sand and off he went [??] tail over spindle buggy. Him and the [wheel landed?] over in the bushes. [?] Front wheel [just crumpled?] up like paper. I pulled him out [and he?] was groanin' and cussin'. Had a busted [??] arm. I got him down to the nearest [??] house and they went for the doctor.

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"Great times, great times, [o??] on the bicycles. Then the automobiles come along. [Of course?] it was a long time before everybody got to [??] ownin' them, too. Most any one could have a bicycle. I [?] [remember?] when they was seventy five of them over in [the?] sheds by the Marine shop every day.

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“But automobiles was a [dff?] different proposition. Jack Coates used to have a [job?] [?] testin' em for the Pope Hartford Company. He [used?] to ride 'em all over the state. They'd tell him how [?] many miles to go and they didn't care where he went. [xJ?] He'd just rig up an old seat on the chassis and [?] start out, no [?] windshield [or?] nothin', and come back when [he?] got the mileage made up.

“That's how I got my first [and fastest?] auto ride. I was goin' to Springfield and I was [bk?] hikin' along over towards Terryville to get the trolley [and?] Jack come [along?] and I [flagged?] him. I was late. I [xs?] says, 'Jack, can we make the trolley,' and he says, 'Sure,' and how we did fly. We made it all right.

“The different cars they [us??] used to be. I used to keep a list of 'em. There [wxa?] was the [?] Pope Hartford, and the Stevens Duryea, and the [??] Locomobile, and the Peerless and the National, [??] and [?] the Saxon, and the Metz—I can't [remember?] them all.

“Billy Gilbert, that used t to [live?] next to me here, he had a Stanley Steamer. He [was an?] engineer. He's out in Californy now. Spent all his [l?] life on the [?] railroads and he swore by steam. [??] Wouldn't have a 5 gasoline engine.

“After he moved to [Califonxyx?] Californy he wrote me a letter. Said there was a [big?] hill out there [?] beyond San [Francisco?] nine miles [lyg??] long. Said ten tow cars was kept busy on that [hx??] hill all the time. But that steamer of his [axxtx?] just ate it up.

“You'd ought to be able to [??] remember when they used Plymouth Hill for [??] testin' cars. It was quite a trick for a car to go over [th?] there in high. Good many of 'em would start off [?] [in?] high, then shift to second, then low, then they'd get [??] stuck. But it's a damn poor car that won't go over in [high these?] days. Man wouldn't buy a car that wouldn't make it [in?] high.

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“Well, I got to go down town, [but?] I ain't goin' to give you no lift today. [??] I'm not goin' to take the car out. I feel as [??] though the walk will do me good. So you just wait [??] till I put the cat out and [??] fix my [fires?] [?] and we'll walk down together. ”